

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Wiggelums, Waglums, Wogglums, Wagloms, Wigloms and Wogglums have met in family conference and decided to spell it "Woglum." Old Jan Van Wogglum was originally responsible, but it appears the was not consulted. This shows one of the advantages of being dead. The matters of descent don't bother you.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal thinks Germany has some design on some part of the American continent, and remarks: "Any one who likes to use his eyes can see that either the Monroe doctrine will have to be given up or its defence properly prepared for. Any halting between the policies must prove disastrous or at any rate humiliating for the United States."

The Philadelphia Record, speaking of the enlargement of the British navy, says: "When the ships now contemplated and under construction shall have been completed the British battle fleet, exclusive of vessels more than ten years old, will include fifty-eight armoureds of the first class. By comparison Great Britain's naval plans still dwarf those of all the other powers, notwithstanding the recent impetus given to naval construction in Russia, France and Germany."

The Greek word corresponding to "awful" was appropriately applied to many things describing pain or beauty or skill. English usage, however, would practically eliminate the word from youthful lips. Tennyson once read a new poem to his guests, the Dufferins. The daughter, a girl of fifteen, cried enthusiastically, "How awfully pretty!" upon which Tennyson put his hand on her shoulder and said, "My dear child, do not use that dreadful word." In a voice of deep compunction she exclaimed, "Oh, I awfully sorry!" to the immense amusement of all.

There is no such thing as a court-house in Cuba. Ninety-five per cent. of the court business is done by the clerks. If a man has a case at law he does not seek the judge, but the clerk to whom that particular case "belongs." When the judge's signature is needed the clerk takes the papers to him at his house. He may read before he signs, but this is doubtful in most cases. The clerk makes his living from the litigants, and the result is obvious. The man who can make it most worth while generally wins the case. This was not confined to the Spanish occupation of Cuba, but has been the case under the American rule. It is going on today, and that is why Governor Wood says that little can be done in Cuba until a start is made toward legal reform.

It is estimated that the State of Maryland lost \$3,000,000 during the past season through the ravages of the pea-louse, which, Professor W. G. Johnson, of the Maryland Agricultural College, says, is an insect new to science. It belongs to the well-known group of the aphides, or plant-lice, and on account of some change in conditions has become suddenly abundant, appearing for the first time on the cultivated pea. It is of a green color, and only an eighth of an inch long. It sucks the juices from the leaf and stem, and the plant dies. Not only in Maryland have growers of peas suffered, but in New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Virginia, North Carolina and Connecticut also. Fortunately the pea-louse has many insect enemies, which played havoc with it before the close of the season.

An interesting experiment in primary-school education is under trial in Ithaca, N. Y. A class of twelve year-old children was organized, and a skillful teacher was put in charge to see what might be done on the basis of an hour's instruction per day, the children to have all the rest of the time for play and home life. The experiment has been encouragingly successful, and the conclusion of the teachers and the school officials who have studied the case is that it would be better in all primary schools to divide the school into four sections or groups, each group to be present but one hour in the day, and no two groups at the same time. The confident belief is cherished that the children in question can do the full amount of study without overcrowding; that the room can be kept well-ventilated, and that better work can be accomplished by the primary teacher herself.

PHILIPPINE IGORROTES.

DURING THE CHASE OF AGUINALDO THEY DID GOOD SERVICE.

How Major March and His Column of Travel-Worn American Soldiers Were Welcomed to Baguan—Stolidity of the Natives—Utility of a Vigorous Kick.

THE Manila correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes the following amusing account of the Igorrote natives who have been enlisted in our army and who accompanied Major March during his pursuit of Aguinaldo:

Major March and his column of 100 travel-worn men, accompanied by twice as many Igorrote "azadores," or burden bearers, reached Baguan at nightfall. The Major knew that Aguinaldo had left the town several hours before, but hoped to get some information there which would put him on the right track.

At Baguan, which was merely a collection of huts on a steep, sloping mountain side, hundreds of Igorrotes were waiting to greet us.

As the column entered the town the Presidenta gave a signal with his cane and they burst into a loud shouting, "Viva Espanol! Viva Espanol!" The Major looked discouraged. Before he did anything else he called up the Presidenta and a selected chorus of lusty lunged Igorrotes and taught them to repeat after him, "Viva Americanos! Viva Americanos!" The Igorrotes were willing. "Viva Americanos" meant as much to them as "Viva Espanol," or "Viva Chicago," or anything else. They are much like the Chicago newsboys. They wanted something "to holler," and one thing was as good as another and meant about as much.

It was discouraging to the Major, after he had carefully drilled his chorus and informed them who we were and whence we came, to have one of them point at him as he walked away and say in a breathless tone to the other Igorrotes about him, "Aguinaldo." Major March explained that he was not Aguinaldo, but it did no good.

Only a few had any clear idea of who or what Aguinaldo was, and Major March came as near realizing their ideal as anybody, so they at once applied to him that name.

There was not much to eat in Baguan. The chief, and, in fact, about the only food of the people seemed to be a species of sweet potato, which was not sweet in spite of its name, but which the soldiers eagerly bought as a welcome change from the everlasting rice.

The men made camp fires and crowded about, for the evening was decidedly cool. The Igorrotes sat stolidly huddled up in their blankets in the middle of the road and everywhere else they could get that was directly in the road. It was impossible to step without walking over an Igorrote. The soldiers would scowl at them to move out of the way, but they merely looked stupidly ahead and continued to squat where they were.

Finally, the exasperated soldiery, having exhausted a vocabulary of expletives that would have made an old and hardened army mule fall to his knees in repentance and tears, spoke no more to the Igorrote brethren. If they wanted one to get out of the road they simply pushed him over and rolled him down the trail. If they wanted one to go to the spring after water they merely put a canteen in his hand, pulled him to his feet, turned his face toward the spring and gave him a kick. The momentum usually sufficed to carry the Igorrote to the water and the alluring glare of the camp fire brought him back. If he forgot the water, two soldiers would kick him at once, and the increased stock of energy was generally sufficient to carry him to the spring and enable him to fill the canteen before he ran down.

Major March and his officers took possession of a little building which the Spanish friars had erected and used as a mission and school house. There were great cracks on the floor, and the cold mountain wind swooped into the room with a roar. It was as cold as the lake winds in winter. We tried to sleep, but the floor was the hardest I had ever slept on. The wind howled and shrieked and it was so cold that we would wake up every now and then with our teeth chattering and our feet and hands fairly numb.

Added to the cold were some 350 distinct and separate smells peculiar to Igorrote towns. Each different wind as it whistled up through the holes in the floor was laden with a new and more appalling smell. We took the blankets from our shivering bodies and wrapped them about our heads to keep out the Igorrote odors, but those vigorous and pernicious active smells would have gone through a brick wall, and all we could do was to try to sleep.

Many of the soldiers, especially those who had no blankets, sat all night crowded around their camp fires, where the cherry blaze and the fresh smell of burning pine kept away both the cold and the smells.

Of course, they had their troubles, too. They would sent Igorrotes after fresh wood for the fire and the Igorrotes would never come back. They would simply move over and squat down by the side of another fire. When the soldiers in despair would go themselves after wood they would find, when they came back, a dozen Igorrotes, their blankets over their heads, sitting like wooden images about the cheerful blaze, and some of them fairly sitting on top of the glowing embers. The soldiers would sadly turn the simple natives on their sides and roll them down the hill, but soon they would be back again.

We slept as long as we could in the mission house and then, one by one

during the night, we would steal out and sit for a while at a fire and then go back and try to sleep again.

Toward morning the soldiers began cooking breakfast. Sergeant-Major MacDougal was at work boiling potatoes on a fireplace in a native shack. The fireplace was like a big table covered with earth, on which three or four fires could be made. Never was a more pathetic figure seen than that same Sergeant-Major MacDougal as he tended the fires with one hand and belabored the Igorrotes, who were squatting on top of the table, with the other. They were not content to stand on the floor as the soldiers did. They mounted the table itself and sat almost in the fire. Not one stick of wood did they bring, nor did they even offer to help put fresh fuel on the fire. They only squatted and blinked like frogs, and whenever the Sergeant-Major would turn his back they would completely encircle the fires.

When the Sergeant-Major returned with a new supply of wood and a fresh lot of investives they would merely blink at him reproachfully.

We waited in the morning for the return of the two Igorrote runners whom Major March had sent over to Bontoc the night before. They left at 8 o'clock at night and returned before 8 the next morning, having covered the fourteen miles of mountain trail to Bontoc and return in that time. Besides that they had discovered that Aguinaldo had left Bontoc and taken a trail to the south and that further pursuit by our column would be useless. To prove the truth of their statements they brought notes written in Spanish by Spanish prisoners in Bontoc and also by insurgent soldiers, who offered to surrender if our command would come to Bontoc.

These two runners proved that there was some good in the Igorrotes after all, and the Major paid them \$2.50 Mexican apiece readily enough.

Besides the long journey the runners had made they had fairly carried their lives in their hands, as they were at the constant risk of being killed by Tagal sympathizers, even if they were not discovered by insurgent soldiers themselves. So the Major decided to return to Cervantes.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Adversity is not invulnerable. Travel to learn and learn to travel. Misery comes easier than happiness. Only about one per cent. of wealth is real comfort.

Stick-fast is quite as valuable a quality as Get-there.

Luck may run down at the heel, but Luck never does.

Success isn't going round looking for people to pick up.

The truly good actions are only those that cost an effort.

When misfortune jumps on you with both feet, pull its leg for a new start.

The constant abrasion and decay of our lives makes the soil of our future growth.

At funerals where grief is deep and strong, brevity and simplicity are welcomed by the mourners.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

He who sits in the seat of the scorpion need not be surprised if the judgments of his fellow-men concerning him are scornful.

It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.

We can never have much sympathy with the complainer; for, after searching nature through, we conclude that he must be both plaintiff and defendant, too, and so had best come to a settlement without a hearing.

Bits of News For Both.

Two girls met in a dry goods store yesterday. They had evidently not seen each other for some time, as the trend of their conversation proved.

"What good times we used to have at the lake," said one.

"Yes, I like our own resorts," replied the other, "better than on the coast. Oh, say, where is my old flame, Perry? I think the world of that boy."

"Oh, he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."

"Well, of all things," replied her friend, flushing.

The conversation drifted, but a short time later reverted to its old channel.

"Say, Hetty," remarked Perry's wife, "did you meet Johnny — out in San Francisco?" and then added, "he told me that summer he was there that he could not live without me."

"Yes, I met him in Los Angeles."

"Poor fellow! I feel sorry for him. He is a bachelor, yet, I suppose."

"No, he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me." — Salt Lake Herald.

Hawthorne's Sofa at Brook Farm.

There was a comfortable sofa under the stairs in the hall, says Mrs. Ora Gannett Sedgwick, in the Atlantic, on which Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the front room at the right, used to sit for hours at a time, with a book in his hand, not turning a leaf, but listening with sharp ears to the young people's talk, which he seemed to enjoy immensely, perhaps with the satisfaction of Burns's "Chiel amang ye takin' notes." It is, however, but just to Mr. Hawthorne to say that, whatever use he made in Blithedale Romance of the scenery and "romantic atmosphere" of Brook Farm, he cannot be accused of violating the sanctities of the home and holding up to public observation exaggerated likenesses of his associates there. I spent some delightful hours with him the winter before he died, when he assured me that Zenobia represented no one person there.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Ironing the Daintiest Lingerie

Unless a professional laundress is employed it is of the greatest importance that a woman know how to do up her own tucked yokes, embroidered and ruffled neck bands and daintiest lingerie. Iron fine tucks first on the wrong side, turn over, raise each tuck with a knife, dampen slightly and iron dry on the right side. Some prefer to raise them again instead of leaving them flat.

Decorating the Bay Window.

A bay window affords the opportunity for decorative notions. The recessed window suggests a low seat running round it, upholstered in artistic tapestry and framed with curtains of harmonizing coloring. It is easy, at the cost of little thought, to produce something picturesque if we have the chief material ready to our hand.

In a large room an ordinary window was so cleverly treated by a young housekeeper that in effect it was "recessed." This effect was gained by an archway which stood out at a distance of about two feet from the window, the sides being shut in with screens and with palms in tall stands and a seat being arranged beneath the window.

Another way of "recessing" is by means of two brass arms jutting out from the wall, one arm on either side, these connected in front by a brass pole, hung with curtains draped at each side. Curtains should also hang from the side arms and shut in the window. Finish with a window seat.

The Care of Carving Knives.

Carving knives should, to begin with, be of the best steel, and then should always be kept in the highest condition. A good knife saves time and trouble, while the portions and joints look so much better than if an instrument with a blunt cutting edge has been used. It is well for an ironmonger when offering these goods for sale to thoroughly understand not only the construction of the article he sells, but the best manner of using it. A few hints given by a Sheffield manufacturer when discussing this subject may be useful. He says: "I have handled carving knives, both in business and at my table for many years, and I know that the best knives will not cut properly when used on hot roast beef unless the steel is used after every few cuts. The best way is to use the steel after every cut. The steel need not be rough, as some imagine—in fact, a well worn steel is better than one with a rough surface, and a few passes over it with the knife produce a good edge. The man who rubs and manipulates a carving knife for five minutes against a steel before beginning to carve, and thinks that now he has it all right and may send the steel away, makes a great mistake. He should keep the steel handy, and pass the knife over it lightly a few times after every cut or two. And even then he will accomplish nothing unless he knows how to use the two instruments. A carver must be held at an angle of from twenty to twenty-five degrees on the steel. One must be careful to have the angle the same on both sides, otherwise the knife will be dull instead of sharp. The knife should be drawn on the steel from heel to point against the edge, and the pressure should be very light."

Recipes.

Cornmeal Balls.—Pour over one cup of fine cornmeal sufficient hot water to just moisten. This must be rather dry—not wet. Cover the bowl and let stand until cool, then stir in the unbeaten white of one egg and one saltspoon of salt. Roll into small balls and drop into boiling hot soap and cook for twenty minutes.

Creamed Peas.—Drain and rinse a can of peas with cold water; stew fifteen minutes in a little hot water. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, add one-half cupful of corn and stir constantly until it thickens. Now add the peas and one tablespoonful of granulated sugar.

Nut Leaf.—Two cupfuls of stale bread crumbs, one cupful of chopped hickory nuts, one cupful of seeded raisins, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and add sufficient hot water to moisten. Cover and let stand for ten minutes. Add one cupful more of hot water and turn into buttered tin. Bake one hour in moderate oven and serve cold.

Normandy Soup.—Four pounds of knuckle of veal, twenty small onions and four quarts of water. Let this simmer slowly for two hours, then put in one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and half a loaf of grated bread. Let it boil two hours longer, then strain and thicken with two rounded tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour.

Chicken Omelet.—Beat three eggs separately until very light. Chop to a fine paste one pint of chicken and add this to the beaten yolks, with one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a saltspoonful of paprika. Lastly turn in the beaten whites. Brown and fold like an omelet and serve immediately on a heated platter garnished with parsley.

Green Pea Jelly.—Drain a can of green peas and press them through a sieve. Add a quarter of a box of gelatine that has been soaked in a quarter of a cup of cold water. Stir over the fire until heated. Take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Serve very cold with Bénédictine sauce.

Thin Iron Sheets.

Machinery has been invented which rolls iron into such thin sheets that 1800 of them, piled one upon the other, are only one inch in thickness,

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The National Bill.

THE wheelmen, farmers and the press have so enthusiastically endorsed the bill presented by the League of American Wheelmen, calling for an appropriation of \$5,000,000 for highway improvements, there can now be no doubt that the good roads movement was ripe for national promotion. The different division of the League, as well as wheelmen generally, are unanimous in their support of a measure which is concededly a step far in advance of anything heretofore attempted in the same line. The farmers' organizations, which have had time to consider it, hail it as the probable solution of their grievous highway improvement question. The newspapers, almost without exception, realize that in it are the possibilities of a future national political issue.

With such endorsement the bill has the brightest chances of success, and the L. A. W. officials should not only feel encouraged but flattered in the reception of their suggestive action. President Keenan, of the L. A. W., has received congratulations from all parts of the country on the introduction of the bill, and the promises of hearty support are many.

Managing Director M. O. Eldridge, of the Office of Road Inquiry, Department of Agriculture, in a letter to President Keenan, says:

"I note with pleasure that Mr. Graham, of Pennsylvania, has introduced your bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the purpose of building public highways. This is a long step in the right direction, and I congratulate you most heartily. While the desired appropriation may not be made at the present time, this action will have the good effect of stimulating road legislation and road reforms throughout the country."

"The time for national aid perhaps will not come until a majority of the richer and more progressive States shall have adopted the State-aid system in one form or another. That national aid will come, however, is as certain as the principle is true that our Government is 'of the people, for the people and by the people.' The old idea that such improvements should be left entirely to State and local governments is fast dying out, and in its stead comes the idea that what the Government does for, the people are doing for themselves. The scarecrow 'Paternalism,' which is used by those who are opposed to the Government's entering into such internal improvements, is losing its terror for the masses as the practical usefulness of the general movement takes more and more varied form. The sentiment is growing that 'the General Government is as much the servant of the whole people as the State and local governments are of their portions, and that the whole people can as safely use their General Government for the general benefit as any section can its local government for local benefit.'"

How to Get Free Delivery.

Aside from the obvious convenience of having mail delivered almost at one's door, certain accompaniments of the free delivery system have tended greatly to commend it. As a prerequisite to the establishment of a route, the Postoffice Department is disposed to insist that the country roads be kept in proper condition; and the impetus thus given to the movement in favor of good roads has been in many instances very marked. In Boone County, Indiana, the farmers of a certain district obtained from the county supervisors an appropriation of \$2680 for improving a bad piece of dirt road, in order to insure a continuance of the service.

Value of Good Roads.

State Highway Commissioner McDonald has made a computation in which to show the importance of highway improvement, he fixes the annual loss by roads in Connecticut at \$2,282,500. He estimates the annual depreciation on horses at \$435,000, excessive horse-power required at \$1,029,000, cost of support of horses while roads are impassable at \$150,000, useless repair of roads at \$335,000, and loss by law-suits caused by bad roads at \$12,550. The estimate is based on 15,000 miles of highways in the State and 43,000 horses.

Bad Highways Expensive.

The San Francisco Call's remarks on good roads are applicable everywhere:

"It is gratifying to perceive this revival of popular interest in the good roads movement. The subject is one of the most important with which our rural communities have to deal. Bad roads are about the most expensive forms of folly in which communities can indulge. They are not only irritating and frequently dangerous, but they cost about four times as much as good roads."

The Starting of the Movement.

What is now known as the good roads movement originated with the farmers of Essex County, New Jersey thirty years ago.

Mellowing Muskmelons in Southern Italy.

In Southern Italy muskmelons are at best much inferior to the American fruit, lacking the sweetness and flavor of our fruit. Strange to say, however, this inferior melon, when saved for winter consumption, becomes of an excellent flavor. The melons are pulled from the vines while green and hung in the open air until winter, when they are eaten. The melon treated thus becomes not only far superior to the ripe fruit of summer, but equal to the American melon in sweetness and flavor.

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